

# Gotta Get It

Kardinal Offishall

It's a Kardi Kardi party, what!  
What, yeah  
Yo this be the Kardi Kardi party, what!  
Anybody coming through here, gotta expect  
The hottest, hottest, hottest hottest  
The hottest hottest shit for real  
{Saukrates}  
Yo yo, {you bitch ass niggas}  
Yo yo yo, {you bitch ass niggas}  
Yo yo yo, {you bitch ass niggas}  
Niggas know

I ain't spittin', I hock a luggy  
This ain't no motherfu- verse, I write movies  
Picture this, how a nigga get sicker than itchy syphilis  
Burn radio waves 'til I hit your bitch Christmas list  
Ha, I drop rocks like a fifty cent piece from Terror's twenty  
Aimed at your Bentley son  
Number one when my shard be blast  
Mix with hash, made your heart beat fast  
Back at your ass in full flash  
Come to mash every last class of (emcee)  
Pass the baton when I get on  
And go on until I got it on  
Spark it up and inhale this (emcee)  
Masterly, masterfully I be the (emcee)  
So many can't rock the mic, so they hold the glock tight  
And I give thanks I wasn't born a sucker  
Pucker for this hard fist lyricist  
'Nuff butter like BBJ's grocery list  
Yo, hoes be this hoes be that  
Bet if I flash this watch my nigga, that hoe be back  
And I ain't even rocking a Rolly or fronting with cash  
I'm at the bar with George Costanza arguing for tax  
The first to let you know, get some flood insurance  
It ain't a rare occurrence when I overflow  
You'll be backstrokin' from Alaska to Oakland  
When me and my Circle be in a yacht... (floating)  
You know this money man  
Got us acting funny man  
We sick of living crummy man  
We got to get this money man  
(New houses), {got, got to get it}  
(Real figures by the thousands), {got, got to get it}  
(Big stacks for the family), {got, got to get it}  
(Big tunes playing annually), {got, got to get it}

Yo, easy rude bwoy, give me a little second to breeze through  
We make the track jump, so it's hard to roll trees to  
No matter give me no daps nigga, I ain't trying to please you  
Want to flow with me, can't afford the fees duke  
Claiming street raps when Jeff Healey could see through  
Your wonder bra rah rah, {garbage like bad pot}  
Go ahead like punk trick and watch where you land  
I'm a shady black slim, you a nigga I can't stand  
Move! kid, this some celebrity next shit  
Step up and watch the next celebrity hanging by they necklace

Peasants! Think about what you getting into  
We hardcore, bump those little fist fights we've been through  
We done did it, never mind can or can do  
We trying to make it easier for our fam to Land Cruise  
You sell the same weed at the same spot  
We graduated to the high grade lyrics pon cock  
I've been autobahn rhyme ever since primetime  
Saw George and Wheezy sipping on fine wine  
The ghetto scream {rewind} like daylight savings time  
Bring it back, firing legal hollows out the Ac'  
{Who's that?} MC's of leisure, Sauk and Kardinal  
We bring the ebony stone, now watch me carve it out  
Bump my shit in tenement housing  
It's a vocal revolution for 2000... "1!"

Ayo, you better come strapped when we attack  
'Cause only strapped cats have a shot at the rap  
Bullet holes in the map leave a trail to where we at  
But stop short of we  
We got them sucking the bowl like they speaking Portuguese  
So bitch freeze, your motivation evident  
Rhymes milky, chocolate has heaven sent  
Ayo, I'm older now, arguing with back clerks  
And presidents and crack heads smoking too close to the residence  
What!

Yo yo, {you bitch ass niggas}  
Yo yo yo, {you bitch ass niggas}  
Yo yo yo, {you bitch ass niggas}  
Yo yo yo, {you bitch ass niggas}

You know this money man  
Got us acting funny man  
We sick of living crummy man  
We got to get this money man

Yo, big Sox, Kardinal Offishall  
Circle IV, big YLook, cousin Spoke  
Let the motherfu- beat ride

Don't sleep niggas